i know your secret
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i know your secret

by jilliancares

Summary

> “I’m your new neighbor,” Wade forged on, oblivious to Peter’s state of shock, and he stuck out a scarred hand. Peter gripped it, feeling numb, and gave it a shake. Did Wade realize who he was? No, clearly not. He was acting way too normally. Wade was one for dramatics.

Notes

> this is my first spideypool fic!! i've accidentally fallen face-first into the world of spideypool and i'm loving it. hope you enjoy!

To Peter, the rooftops were always calming. It was just something about them. The streets were where everyone was, where the crime was. The streets were where Spider-Man did his job, saving people and bringing criminals to justice.

But the rooftops were peaceful. No one committed crimes up here. No one even *came* up here. It was just Peter, and the wind, and the night sky without a single shining star in it because New York’s light pollution was no joke.

Yeah, he could get used to this. Hell, he already had. He always took breaks up here, letting himself catch his breath between catching criminals. Sometimes he’d come up here to relax before finally swinging back home, which was what he was doing currently. Just him, the sky, and the wind.

“Thought I’d find ya here, Spidey!”

…and Deadpool, apparently.

“What do you want, Deadpool?” Peter asked, not bothering to turn around and look at him. There had been a time in Peter’s life where he wouldn’t have dared to do that — keep his back turned to a known mercenary. A man with a higher kill count than probably anyone else in New York City. Probably anyone else in *America*.

Then again, there’d been a time before he’d known Wade’s name, too. A time before he’d known that the man loved anything if it was covered in cheese. A time before he’d known that Wade had been engaged, once, and hadn’t been able to save the woman he loved.

Despite all of Wade’s joking, he was a pretty thoughtful guy. Genius, too. Peter had seen him in action before, had noticed the way he didn’t always just run blazing into a fight, but often took a moment to look around. To analyze things, to notice what he had to his advantage. As for the thoughtful thing, that was just impossible to deny. He always knew the right thing to say, though you wouldn’t really notice it if you weren’t paying attention. Once, Wade had caught Peter in the midst of a panic attack, Peter having accidentally fought a criminal a little too hard and sent him to the hospital, at the time unsure whether he’d live, and talked him out of it under the guise of annoying him. It wasn’t until Peter was laughing that he’d realized he wasn’t panicking anymore. And days later, Wade had been the one to deliver the news that the man was all right. Apparently, he’d stalked the guy for Peter’s sake.

Another time, Peter had been cut up and bleeding after a fight with a man who’d had hidden blades in his gloves, and he’d collapsed on the top of a roof with his hands pressed to his stomach, blood pooling between his fingers and definitely going into shock. He still wasn’t quite sure how Deadpool tracked him down all the time, but that day, he’d been grateful for it. Wade had been the one to stitch him up, after all.

So Peter might’ve sounded a little moody and worn out when he greeted Wade, but they both knew it was an act. Because honestly, Wade was probably his best friend, these days. Sure, Peter worked with the Avengers, but none of them knew his name or face. Granted, neither did Wade, but he still *knew* Peter. He couldn’t *not*, after all the time they’d spent together.

“What, I can’t come say hi to my favorite spider?” Wade scoffed, plopping down onto the roof next to Peter. He had a to-go bag in his hands, which was typical, but it was a McDonald’s to-go bag, which was not.

“McDonald’s?” Peter asked, staring at the bag incredulously. He wasn’t normally picky with his food, honest. After all, he was notorious for living off ramen and any cheap bulk foods he could get his hands on. But Wade spoiled him. He was always showing up with tacos or burritos or sandwiches from that one deli on the other side of town that literally made Peter consider taking up religion. So, understandably, McDonald’s kind of threw him for a loop.

“I’m on a budget, baby boy,” Wade sighed long-sufferingly. Peter rolled his eyes behind his mask, though he didn’t bother telling Wade not to call him that. Not anymore. If it hadn’t worked in the past year, it wouldn’t work ever.

“Like hell you are,” said Peter. He knew what Wade’s bank account looked like. Not literally, but it wasn’t that hard to guess. He killed people for a living (*bad people, Spidey!* the Wade in his head pointed out. *Not just anyone!*) and people paid good money for that. Hell, Wade wasted his money on all sorts of crap that he didn’t really need, and that was proof enough that he was well off.

“I swear I am!” Wade protested, pulling out a burger for Peter anyway. Peter was grateful that this new budget seemed to include him, at least. He rolled up his mask, just to the bridge of his nose,

like always, and took a huge bite of the burger. Wade was following suit.

“Okay, so why the new budget?” Peter asked, just as a pickle slipped out the back of his burger and plummeted towards the ground a million stories below them. A small noise of pain escaped him. The pickles were the best part.

Wade snorted, amused, before plucking his own dangerously dangling pickle off the back-end of his own burger and holding it out for Peter. “Pickles are gross,” he stated, which was 1) a blasphemous thing to say, and 2) an outright lie. Peter had seen him eat plenty of pickles in the past. He still took the proffered pickle, though. “And I lost my house. Again. I mean, not ‘cause I actually did anything this time, but ‘cause those fuckin’ assholes from that cult found it. They keep breaking in. I swear, you kill a cult’s leader *one time*…”

Peter laughed, amused despite himself. “So you gonna start apartment hunting?” he asked.

“Unless you’re offering your good friend a nice spot to sleep tonight on your couch. You know, where I won’t be woken up with a bullet in my head.”

“Not a chance,” Peter deadpanned, and Wade raised his burger in acknowledgement.

“Worth a shot,” he said, before shoving the rest of his burger into his mouth, crumpling up the paper, and lobbing it as far as he could. Peter cursed, leaning across Wade’s lap to get a good angle, and shot a web towards the paper, just barely managing to catch it.

“Asshole,” he said, like this wasn’t a stupid game they played every time they ate together. Wade leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees so that he was bent over Peter, who was still leaning across his lap. He could feel Wade’s chest against his back, and when he tried to sit up, Wade didn’t budge. “Gonna let me up?” he prompted, annoyance clear in his voice.

“I dunno, Spidey. I kinda like you here.”

Peter sighed. And then he shot off a web towards a big electrical box on the other side of the roof and gave a good tug, pulling the rest of his body across Wade’s lap and out the other side in a blink. Wade made a noise of surprise. Peter threw the wrapper at his head.

“I gotta get home,” Peter admitted. “I have to be up early tomorrow.”

Wade groaned dramatically, throwing himself back against the roof. “Goodbye forever,” he moaned.

“See ya never,” Peter tacked on, before jumping off the roof and shooting a web towards a nearby building. Thanks to his advanced hearing, he could hear Wade yelling after him.

“I hate to watch you go, Spidey, but I love to watch you leave!”

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Peter had a million papers spread out over his coffee table. His hair was a mess, his eyes straining, and the cup of coffee at his elbow had gone cold probably an embarrassingly long time ago. This was what he got for pulling an all-nighter.

Once upon a time, Peter had been very diligent about his school work. He’d gotten it done well ahead of time, responsible and dedicated and all that jazz. He was even the kind of student to ask his teachers to look over his work before turning it in.

Those were days of the past, however. Days before Spider-Man. It was just that Peter was a busy guy, okay? He went to school, went to his part time job, and then went to the streets, dressed in spandex. After that he went home, well into the early hours of the morning, and either hit the mattress and fell asleep on impact or struggled through a couple textbook readings at the mercy of Red Bull. It was times like these when he appreciated the fact that he'd managed to schedule all his classes for the afternoon this semester. And that it was currently a Sunday morning, thank God. He didn't like going to class after only a few hours of sleep. It made his Spidey-senses go a little crazy.

He was almost done, though, and then he could sleep the day away in time to wake up and get a nice head start on his evening patrol. He just had a few more pages of this essay to write…

Out in the hall, there was a bang, followed by a curse. Peter jolted, looking towards his door. The bang hadn't been something hitting his door, but probably the wall right along it. Like always, paranoia seemed to grip him, suggesting that all his worst enemies had discovered his identity and found out where he lived, before he remembered that his landlord had mentioned that someone was moving in next door. This was probably them. Or maybe a really clumsy mover.

With another bang and a curse, Peter's curiosity was undeniable (and his procrastination skills stronger than ever), so he stood up and made his way to the door, opening it after peeking through the viewfinder and seeing a man facing away from him, his hood pulled over his head and a long cardboard box held in his hands.

"Need some help?" Peter said, the door swinging wide behind him. The man spun around, bringing his cardboard box with him, and Peter ducked just in time to avoid getting smacked in the face with it.

"Shit, sorry."

Peter froze. Because now, without the door to muffle that voice, and without that voice to be coming from a face that wasn't *facing* him, Peter could clearly see and hear the man before him. He could *see* and *hear* the man that was Deadpool. What the fuck?

"I'm your new neighbor," Wade forged on, oblivious to Peter's state of shock, and he stuck out a scarred hand. Peter gripped it, feeling numb, and gave it a shake. Did Wade realize who he was? No, clearly not. He was acting way too normally. Wade was one for dramatics.

Why was he here, then? What was he doing *outside Peter's apartment?*

Wait, new neighbor?

"Nice to meet you," Peter stuttered out, remembering that he needed to act like an actual human being. Wade smiled self-deprecatingly.

"Oh, this old mug?" he said, pointing to his face. "You'll get used to it."

Peter gaped. "I wasn't—"

"No worries, Bambi, I'm not offended."

"Bambi?" Peter muttered. God, this was confusing. It wasn't helping that Peter hadn't slept in 36 hours.

Wade scoffed. "Yeah, with eyes like those you look like a little baby dear. Bambi."

“It’s Peter,” Peter said, heedless of any warnings in the back of his head suggesting maybe not admitting his actual identity to Deadpool. He trusted Deadpool, obviously, considering how much time he spent with the man. But no one knew his identity. Literally no one. And he wasn’t quite ready for that status to change.

“Wade,” Wade returned, except they’d already shaken hands, and they both seemed super aware of this fact, as they both just stood there awkwardly. Then Peter cleared his throat.

“Do you need any help?” he asked, gesturing towards the long package in Wade’s arms. And then glancing towards the plenty of more boxes lined up against the wall beside the elevator.

“Nah, I got it, Bambi,” Wade said.

“Peter,” Peter corrected again.

“Right,” said Wade. “Don’t you worry, I got these. You look like you need to sleep.”

Peter frowned. Was it that obvious? He shrugged. “I’ve got a paper to finish.”

“College kid?” Wade guessed.

“Part time.”

“Good on you,” Wade said with a nod. “Keep with it.” And with that, he turned and finally managed to get his box through the door of his apartment. The apartment directly next to Peter’s. Oh, holy hell, what the fuck was Peter supposed to do about this?

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Peter’s problems weren’t normally the kind that lingered. Typically, they were they kind that he could take out and dispose of at the police’s doorstep. Occasionally, there was a bad guy whose presence plagued Peter for a few days.

But this wasn’t like that, and so Peter didn’t know how to deal with this situation. With Wade being his neighbor. With seeing Wade in the mail room and running into him on the elevator and once even seeing him tuck a knife into his boot while he was standing in the hallway in full Deadpool gear.

“Don’t mind me, Bambi,” he’d said, straightening up. “I swear I only kill the bad guys.” Peter had been speechless, staring at him with wide eyes and an open mouth. Because he’d never seen Wade in full gear before when Peter *wasn’t*. And Wade clearly had no idea that he was next door neighbors with Spider-Man. Also, Peter had never imagined that Wade would just stroll casually through their apartment complex dressed as Deadpool. Then again, Peter couldn’t really see Wade ducking into an alley and shimmying into his outfit the way Peter sometimes did.

“Speechless, huh?” Wade had said. “Oh man, are you a fan? ‘Cause I really don’t want this to change our friendship, Petey.”

“Uuuhh,” Peter had finally managed to get out. “It won’t.”

“Good. I can sign something for you if ya want.”

“I’m good, thanks,” Peter had said, shaking his head incredulously. Did Wade give out autographs? Spider-Man didn’t even give out autographs. With a jaunty wave, Wade had disappeared down the hallway. “Be safe!” Peter had called after him, still kind of in a state of shock, and Wade’s laughter

had echoed out of the elevator.

So, yeah. Peter didn't know how to *deal* with all of this. Did he just… pretend to be Wade's college-aged neighbor? Be extra careful when climbing through his window as Spider-Man at night?

Whatever the answer, it was probably one he should dwell on later. He was a little busy at the moment, after all.

"I liked you better in the books," Peter quipped, to a man who was dressed like Dumbledore and swinging a metal bat at him. He'd been chasing after a girl before, but she'd escaped when Peter had dropped down in between them, landing lightly on his feet before the cosplayer.

"Shut the fuck up!" the man yelled. They never appreciated Peter's jokes. He lunged, swinging his bat through the air, and Peter ducked, letting the momentum carry the man before webbing him to the wall. He let out a roar of outrage, so Peter webbed his mouth as well, deciding he could leave him there to stew. The police wouldn't be long now.

"Good work, Spidey," said a familiar voice, and Peter looked over his shoulder, his hands on his hips from where he'd been admiring his work.

"Thanks, Deadpool," Peter said.

"Thanks to you, he shall not pass," Wade said, sounding way too amused with himself.

Peter frowned, invisible to Wade behind his mask, but noticeable through his voice. "That's a Dumbledore costume."

"Nah, totally Gandalf," said Wade. He looked at the other guy, who was still struggling uselessly against his bindings. "Right?" Wade prompted him. Looking terrified, the man nodded jerkily.

"No fair!" Peter complained. "He's intimidated by you!"

"By little ol' *me*?" Wade scoffed, pressing a hand to his chest dramatically. "*You're* the one who webbed him there. Anyway, I got a present for you." And with that, Wade pulled out an honest to God water balloon from one of the many pouches on his waist.

"Don't you fucking dare," Peter said, seconds before Wade lobbed the thing. Thanks to Peter's advanced speed, and the milliseconds of extra warning he'd gotten before Wade had pulled his arm back, he managed to dodge it, jumping straight into the air and sticking to the wall above the splatter. "The fuck?"

"This is payback, baby boy!" Wade crowed. "Don't tell me you forgot about leaving me out in the pouring rain already?"

"What are you talking about?"

"When I was apartment hunting!"

"Deadpool, it wasn't raining."

Deadpool cocked his head to the side. "Huh," he said. "Guess I imagined that. Oh well." And with that, he lobbed another water balloon. Once again, Peter just managed to dodge it, pushing off from the wall he was on and sticking to the one on the opposite side of the alley. He started climbing right up, ignoring the grappling hook that whistled past him through the air. He wasn't

horrible enough to cut the thing and send Wade plummeting back to the ground. Plus, it was always an impressive reminder of Wade's strength, knowing that he could throw something that far.

Peter could hear Deadpool's boots thudding on the wall below him. With a tingle through his spine, Peter launched himself backwards off the wall, dodging another one of Wade's water balloons.

"How many of those do you have?" he demanded, clinging to the wall a little ways above Wade, who patted his pockets.

"Two more," he decided. "I better make 'em count."

"Or you could just leave me alone," Peter suggested, which earned him another balloon, barely dodged.

Deciding he was over this, Peter shot out a web, gripped it with both hands, and flung himself forward. He let out a yell when he was suddenly saddled with weight, Wade clinging to his feet.

"Deadpool!" Peter shrieked, his swing wildly changing course with the added weight. He had to shoot out another web and yank himself in that direction to avoid slamming them both into a wall, all the while Deadpool was scrambling up his legs. "Get off me!"

"I don't wanna fall!" Deadpool whined, now halfway up Peter's body. He hummed, and when Peter glanced down, his face was alarmingly close to Peter's junk. "Nice view," Deadpool added.

With a growl, and using the hand that wasn't currently holding their combined weight, Peter reached down and yanked him upward with a grunt. Wade wiggled the rest of the way up, wrapping his legs around Peter's waist and his arms around Peter's middle.

"This is oddly romantic," Deadpool commented.

"I'm dying," Peter grunted, his entire body straining with their combined weight, and he finally managed to swing them towards a lower roof. He tripped and stumbled in his landing, ending up crashing on top of Wade who just held on tight and rolled them both with the impact, before flopping onto his back and laying there panting. "God," he managed, his eyes closed as he caught his breath. It was at precisely that moment that there was a popping sound, and water splashed Peter in the face from where Wade had squeezed the water balloon above him.

"I hate you," Peter muttered.

"Liar," said Wade. Peter didn't acknowledge him.

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It was Thursday. Or, more accurately, it was Friday — had been for a couple of hours, actually — but Peter was dutifully ignoring that. Because his paper was due on Friday, and since it *technically* wasn't really actually Friday yet, there was no need for him to freak out.

He hadn't gone on patrol tonight, because there just hadn't been time. There was a niggling of guilt in the back of his mind like there always was whenever this happened, but Peter couldn't always save the city and pass his classes at the same time. While he owed a responsibility to New York as Spider-Man, he felt he owed a responsibility to himself as well.

Luckily, he only had about four more pages to write. That sounded like a lot, but given that he'd

already written sixteen, he didn't feel like it was too overly optimistic for him to think of that as a small amount of writing. Besides, maybe he could make all the periods a slightly bigger font. That might take up some extra room, right?

"You know, you should really lock your door," said a voice from behind him. Peter yelled and just barely kept himself from jumping and clinging to the ceiling out of reflex. It was just better to attack from up there, was all.

"Wade!" Peter said, before registering what he'd said. "It *was* locked."

"Well you should get a harder lock to pick," Wade said with a shrug. Recently, he'd been randomly stopping by Peter's apartment. Asking to borrow flour, wanting Peter to tell him if he could smell gas ("I think there's a leak!"), and other random things like that. Really, Peter was just surprised he hadn't matched Peter's voice to Spider-Man's. Then again, most people probably didn't assume random people they met might be Spider-Man. Still, Peter was extra careful these days never to leave his gear laying around, seeing as he never quite knew when Wade was going to show up.

"So you just performed a breaking and entering," Peter said, amused despite himself.

"Ah ah ah!" Wade said, holding up a gloved finger. He was dressed as Deadpool. "I've yet to enter. Plus, I come with an offering. I saw your lights on as I was passing by and I thought you might be hungry. My usual culprit wasn't around tonight to eat it." With that, he held up a bag. No more McDonald's — this time, it was his usual favorite burrito place. Peter grinned.

"I'd love some," he said, finally standing up. "You can come in if you want."

Wade took a gleeful step forward. "What are you doing up anyway, Petey?"

"I procrastinated my paper," Peter said, catching the wrapped burrito that Wade decided to toss him. He nearly groaned at just the warmth of it in his hands. "It's due tomorrow afternoon. I have four pages left."

Deadpool pretended to throw up. "That's just disgusting," he said, inviting himself onto the couch. He pulled Peter's laptop onto his lap. "Given the restraints that microanalysis provides when interpreting the fibers of blah blah blah blah blah," Deadpool trailed off, mindlessly scrolling through Peter's paper. "You understand this shit?"

"I would hope so, seeing as I wrote it," Peter said, throwing himself down onto the couch next to Deadpool. Wade glanced over at him.

"You look tired," he said.

"Guess I should drink more Red Bull."

"Definitely *not*," Wade laughed. "Can't you finish this in the morning?"

"I won't be able to sleep until it's done," Peter said.

"You know, you remind me of someone."

Imperceptibly, Peter froze. "Really? Who?"

Wade snorted. "You wouldn't believe me."

“C’mon, tell me,” Peter pestered, belying his anxiety. Surely Wade didn’t mean…

“Spider-Man,” Wade said. Fuck.

Peter laugh. Was he laughing too loud? God, was he laughing too *long?* He stopped laughing. “You really think so?” he said. “How come?”

Wade was looking at him. Peter hated that. Despite all his joking and general craziness, Wade was an incredibly smart dude. And an observant one, too. He had to be, being the skilled mercenary he was.

“He’s determined,” Wade said with a shrug. “Won’t take no for an answer.”

“Sounds rapey,” Peter joked.

“Not like that,” Wade scoffed. “Just — he never knows when to quit. He’d keep fighting with a broken leg, given the chance.”

Peter cocked his head. “Well it’s his arms that he really needs, right?” He pretended to shoot webs from his wrists, purposefully a little sloppier than he normally would. No need to look too practiced.

At that, Wade outright laughed, throwing his head back as his shoulders shook against the cushion behind him. “Jeeez,” he groaned, shaking his head. “Yep. You’re just like him.”

“I doubt Spider-Man spends his free time writing essays and struggling to graduate on time,” Peter said. “He probably spends his days sipping on martinis or something. Living the life.”

“Nah, not my Spider-Man,” Wade said. *His* Spider-Man? Peter didn’t cock an eyebrow, though he wanted to. He resolutely ignored the flush of heat that rushed through him because of it. “He doesn’t drink, for one thing. Plus, I bet he’s out there doing good even when he’s not in the suit. Just helping people whenever he can.”

“You sure know a lot about him,” Peter joked.

Deadpool nodded excitedly. “I would hope so. He’s the person I spend the most time with.” Peter nodded, not quite sure what to say to that. It wasn’t like he could tell Deadpool that it was the same for him. For Spider-Man, that is. “I could introduce you to him, sometime,” Deadpool added suddenly. Peter laughed.

“Yeah? You think he’d stop cleaning up the streets to come say hi to some random civilian?”

Deadpool shrugged. “Maybe if I asked nicely. Or kidnapped him.”

Peter snorted. “Sure,” he said, before reaching over and punching Deadpool lightly on the arm. “Now get out of my apartment. You’re distracting me.”

“Yeah, finish up quick,” Deadpool said, standing up and stretching exaggeratedly, letting out a loud groan as he did. “That way you can go to bed and get some sleep. You totally need it.”

“Thanks, Deadpool,” Peter said, rolling his eyes. Wade just nodded as he stared at him.

“Nighty Night, Petey Pie.”

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Nearly a week had passed since Deadpool's surprise visit in Peter's apartment. He'd casually been avoiding the merc ever since, afraid he really would try to get Spider-Man to visit Peter Parker's apartment. Not that Spider-Man would ever do that, anyway. Could it even be considered suspicious if it was the same answer he would give for anyone?

Anyway, he couldn't deny his anxiety over the whole situation. He didn't even know what Deadpool would do, given that he knew Spider-Man was Peter Parker. Probably pester his neighbor much more often. Maybe hold the information over his head whenever he wanted Peter to do something that he didn't feel like doing. But he knew Wade, and he knew he would never actually use the information against him. It just felt strange, thinking about someone actually *knowing*. Change was scary, alright?

Plus, he didn't like the vibes he'd been getting from Wade ever since that night. In their apartment, that is. They'd ended up in the elevator together the other day, and Peter had awkwardly scrolled on his phone, trying not to seem anxious.

"You okay there, baby boy?" Wade had said, looking over at him, probably not missing the way Peter stiffened.

"Ew," he'd forced himself to say. "Don't call me that." He'd surreptitiously pulled his sleeves further over his wrists, afraid Wade would see his costume under it.

Now, he was hurrying home from work — he'd just spent the last few hours copyediting at The Bugle's office — and he was eager to get out on the streets. He was halfway home when he heard a scream from nearby, and his eyes widened before he darted into the nearest alley, already ripping his backpack open. He always kept his suit on him, but he liked to go home before donning it — less risk of being scene. Plus, then he didn't have to swing and fight with his backpack on. Oh well.

"Peter!" a voice said, and Peter jolted, clutching his backpack to his chest as Deadpool dropped down in front of him, groaning as he stood up, rubbing his knees. "Fuck, that shit hurts."

"Deadpool," Peter stuttered. "What're you doing here?"

"Just patrolling the streets, as you do," Wade said casually. "Waiting for my favorite spider to show up." He cocked his head. "Watcha doin'?"

"I heard screaming," said Peter. "Didn't wanna get caught in the middle of it." The screaming grew louder, and Peter flinched, wishing he was already in costume so he could just go and help. "Aren't you going to help those people?"

Deadpool laughed. "I'm a mercenary!" he said. "I kill people, I don't help them! Unless I'm with Spidey. Then it's pretty fun to help out."

Peter groaned. "You can't just let those people get hurt," he protested, flinging a hand towards the end of the alley where the people were screaming. It was getting louder.

Wade just glanced at his watch. "I'm sure Spider-Man will be here any minute. He has like, a sixth sense for these sorts of things. *'I see bad people,'* you know?"

Peter glared at Deadpool. He could be a real dick, when he wanted to be. "If you're not going to help them, I will," Peter said.

Deadpool laughed, though he looked intrigued. "Yeah? Is it 'cause you're Spider-Man?"

Peter allowed himself to reel back in shock. So he really did suspect it, huh? But he recovered quickly, hoping his shock could be seen as the kind someone might feel when they weren't Spider-Man and were accused of being Spider-Man. "Yeah, I'm not Spider-Man, even if you think we're similar," Peter said, and then he was off, running towards the end of the alley and looking both ways. God, it really wasn't smart to get involved when he wasn't in costume, but he couldn't in good sense let people get hurt when he could do something to stop it. Stupid Deadpool, making everything harder than it needed to be.

When he turned the corner, he saw two guys standing in the middle of the street, holding high-grade machine guns and spinning around wildly, everyone screaming and ducking out of the way in the fear of getting shot. This was going to much harder than it needed to be, with Peter not being able to use his webs. Fucking Wade.

Speaking of, he turned, finding Deadpool sitting up on a railing that fenced in the outdoor seating of a nearby café, swinging his legs as he examined the scene jovially. "You're really not gonna do something about this?" Peter demanded.

"I think you can handle this, Spidey!" Deadpool said.

"I'm not fucking Spider-Man," Peter bit out ("Ha! I sure *hope* not," said Deadpool), before ducking behind a car and creeping alongside it, examining the men standing in the street.

"Everyone stay the fuck still and nobody gets shot!" one of the men shouted, his voice muffled by the black ski mask pulled over his face. What did these guys even want? Peter glanced around, trying to see if there were any important buildings nearby that they might be trying to rob, but everything was pretty lowkey. Just some run of the mill domestic terrorists, then?

Peter slid between two cars along the side of the road, parallel parked bumper to bumper, and ducked behind another car, one that'd hastily stopped and pulled over, the woman inside it shaking as she clutched the steering wheel, examining the scene before her with fear. The men were still shouting nonsensical things, and police sirens were blaring in the distance, but it'd likely take them a while to get here, considering the amount of cars blocking the road in every direction.

A woman was crying, loud, badly stifled sobs shaking her body, and one of the men was screaming at her, telling her to shut the fuck up. He raised his gun.

"That's my cue," Peter muttered to himself, before sprinting out of hiding and kicking the man in the back of his knee, making his leg crumple out from under him.

"The fuck—!" the man shouted, spinning around at the same time as his partner, and Peter punched the guy on the right in the nose while smacking the other man hard on the wrist, trying to make him drop his gun. He held on tight, and Peter barely managed to skip out of the way when a string of shots went off, thankfully hitting a car with no one in it. Peter's Spidey-sense tingled and he struck out at the second man, blood now pouring from his nose, and managed to make him drop his weapon, hurriedly kicking it out of the way.

The second man raised his gun, this time pointed right at Peter's head, and his breath caught in his throat for a moment before a katana was suddenly sticking out of the man's ear, the handle quivering as the man collapsed to the ground. Peter gaped, and then an arm was wrapping around his shoulders, thankfully a familiar one clad in red.

"You killed him!" Peter pointed out indignantly.

"Sounds like something Spidey would say."

“That’s something anyone would say!” Peter protested. “Murder’s wrong!”

The other man, ignored until now, roared as he charged forward, now holding a knife, before the sound of a gun went off and the man fell, a bullet in his head. Wade blew the smoke away.

“You could’ve shot him somewhere else,” Peter said grumpily.

“Sure could’ve, Spidey.”

Grumbling, Peter pushed Wade’s arm off his shoulders. How the hell was he supposed to convince Wade that he was wrong?

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It was impossible. The man had taken to pestering both Peter and Spider-Man. As Spider-Man, Peter pretended to be confused, having no idea who this Peter character was. As Peter, he used practiced indignance.

Wade was relentless. He kept trying to find ways to make Peter slip up. He’d even started mentioning things to one of them and then trying to continue the conversation later with the other, forcing Peter to become hyper aware of their conversations so he wouldn’t accidentally know more than he was supposed to. It was exhausting.

Speaking of exhausting, just being Spider-Man was beginning to tire him out. Not because he’d finally hit some sort of *‘I can’t do this anymore’* low point, but because it was just so much harder to change into his costume nowadays. He had to be incredibly careful when changing in his apartment (he’d added, like, three more locks), and there was a ton of surveillance he had to do whenever he left through the window. Half the time he waited until he was sure Wade wasn’t even in the building before leaving. Of course, this had also led to it being harder to return home, as well. Fucking Wade, making his life harder than it needed to be.

So of course, Peter blamed Wade for his current predicament. He’d only managed to be captured because he was so tired, after all. Seriously, he was losing like, an extra hour or two of his already lackluster amount of sleep a night because of the guy.

And normally, Peter would be terrified to wake up with Wade right in front of his face, but considering he’d been hit hard across the head and kidnapped, he couldn’t manage to feel anything other than grateful, knowing Wade was there.

“Mm?” Peter managed, his everything still not wanting to work, and he felt gloved fingers grip his chin — thankfully still masked — and lift his head a little bit.

“Think you might have a bit of a concussion,” Wade said. There was a loud splat, and Peter watched as blood dripped from the handle of Wade’s katanas and onto the floor. He groaned.

“This room is full of dead people, isn’t it?”

“Indubitably,” Wade said. “C’mon.” He sliced through Peter’s bindings easily before helping him to his feet, Peter’s arm wrapped around his shoulders. “Let’s get you home.”

“Just leave me on a roof somewhere,” Peter grunted.

“When I could take you right back to your apartment?”

“I’m not your goddamn neighbor, Deadpool.”

“And I’m not a giant cosplay of Freddy Krueger. Oh wait…”

“Shut up,” Peter groaned, and Deadpool, thankfully, did. He helped Peter up onto a roof and promised not to follow him home, after Peter assured him that he was just going to lay there for a few minutes before doing so.

The second Deadpool was gone, Peter peeked over the edge of the roof, made sure he couldn’t see Deadpool anywhere, and swung away despite the aches and pains in his body.

His heart was pounding as he flew between buildings, pulling on his webs as hard as he could to make himself go faster. His arms and abs hurt, his lungs practically on fire from how hard he was breathing, but he kept at it, knowing he needed to get home before Wade did. He didn’t doubt that Wade would end up wanting to “check on” Peter tonight, which probably meant he was going to try to break in. If Peter didn’t come back all night, he’d assume Peter was Spider-Man, because Spider-Man was injured and laying on the roof of a building across town.

Which was why Peter needed to be in his apartment went Wade got there.

He swung faster and faster, pressing himself as hard as he could to zip through the city. He didn’t have the time to sit and wait and examine Wade’s window to make sure he wasn’t watching. For all he knew, Wade could already be in the elevator. Luckily, Peter had left his window open, and he flung himself through it with force, colliding with the wall on the other side and groaning quietly to himself, clutching his rips as a low, “Fuck!” hissed out of his lips.

It was dark in his room, thanks to it already being well into the night, and he quickly poked his head out of his bedroom, breathing a sigh of relief when he saw that his front door was still locked. Still, he probably didn’t have much time, so Peter was quick to scramble out of his suit, stepping on the ankles of his pants to try to get out of it hands-free as he hastily tore his shirt over his head, yanking off his mask along the way.

“I hope you’re wearing underwear under those.”

Peter froze, his hands on the waistband of his pants and his heart kicking up an anxious rhythm, before he spun around. Deadpool was lounging on Peter’s bed, his arms casually folded behind his head and his legs crossed at the ankles, still fully decked out in his gear.

“I’m— you’re! Deadpool!” Peter shouted.

“I *am* Deadpool,” said Wade. “And you’re Spider-Man, ya fuckin’ liar.”

Peter groaned, gripping and tugging at his hair as the adrenaline finally started to ebb out of him, leaving behind all his aches and pains. His head was still throbbing, as were various other parts of his body, thanks to the fight he’d been in.

“Whatever,” Peter finally muttered, figuring he could deal with this mess in the morning. “Just — go home. I need to sleep.” Peter said this while climbing into his bed next to Deadpool and giving him a weak little shove.

“Aren’t you not supposed to sleep when you have a concussion?”

Peter shrugged, now face-down in his pillows and still dressed in his Spider-Man pants. Maybe he’d be lucky and wake up and realize this had all been some terrible dream.

“Where’s your laptop?” Wade said. “I’m gonna google it.”

With a groan, Peter flung out a hand, pointing to his desk across the room. The bed rose as Wade stood and sank when he returned, presumably with the laptop. Peter was already drifting off as he heard him begin to type.

“Says here that you can sleep so long as you can hold a conversation,” Wade muttered. “But that you should be woken every two hours.”

“Mm.” Peter responded. He felt a gloved hand pat his bare back.

“Sleep,” Wade instructed. “I’ll wake you up when you need to.”

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Peter had been wrong to be worried about Wade knowing his true identity. Honestly, he should’ve just told him the first time he’d guessed it, if it would’ve saved him from all his gloating.

“It’s just — I knew it!” Wade said, in his never-ending tirade of gloatsmenship. Literally, whenever there was even the slightest lull in conversation, Wade was there. Filling it.

“Wade, can you not, you know? Right now?” Peter said, standing very stiffly on the other side of the shower curtain. Seriously, how did Wade even get in here?

“Oh, right, yeah, sorry,” said Wade. “I got Chinese food. I’ll just wait outside.”

“Please,” Peter managed, staring at his outline through the shower curtain. He heard the door click closed and slumped under the spray of water in response, breathing out a sigh of relief.

The thing was, Wade knowing his identity... wasn’t terrible. Sure, it was a little alarming when Peter heard his name while in the suit, or when Wade called him Spidey while sitting on his couch, but he also kind of *liked* it. Not to mention everything was a lot less tense, nowadays. It was no longer so stressful to leave his apartment through the window, and he didn’t have to keep track of which conversations he’d had as Peter versus Spider-Man.

And to top it off, Wade was spending even more time with him than usual. Despite claiming he’d known that Peter was Spider-Man, he’d still been holding back a little, just in case. Now, not so much. He had no problem with breaking and *actually* entering. Seriously, half the time Wade was already in his apartment when Peter came home. A couple times Peter had woken up to the smell of pancakes and surprise company.

Peter stepped out of the bathroom wrapped in his towel, ignoring Wade’s cat-call as he slid into his room to get dressed. He was still toweling his hair dry when he followed the scent of Chinese food back into the living room, where Wade had opened up all the boxes and lined them up on the coffee table. His mask was off and he was holding a pair of chopsticks, clicking them at Peter. Judging by the way he had one eye clenched shut, Peter would guess he was squishing his head.

“Come eat,” Wade said, patting the spot next to him on the couch. He took up most of it with his bulk. Wade was all muscle, which Peter knew intimately, due to all the times they’d been pressed together. It was impossible for that not to happen, when you were a superhero. Peter couldn’t count the amount of times he’d been pressed into a small space with or tackled by Wade in the midst of battle. Not to mention he was just a nuisance in general, like when he’d forced Peter to give him a bit of a joyride when he’d been terrorizing him with those water balloons.

“Smells good,” Peter said, plopping onto the couch next to Wade. “Where are the forks?”

Wade scoffed. “You don’t eat Chinese food with a *fork*. It ruins the taste.”

“That’s definitely not true,” Peter said. “Plus, I don’t know how to use chopsticks.”

“It’s easy,” Wade claimed, picking up a piece of orange chicken expertly and depositing it into his mouth. “See?”

Peter rolled his eyes, but he accepted the pair of chopsticks Wade handed to him. Wade manhandled his hands, placing the sticks where he wanted them and helping Peter to grip them correctly. “So your thumb stays still, see? It’s all in the pointer finger.”

Peter ended up eating less than he usually would, but that was only because he dropped his food as often as he managed to pick it up. Wade had turned on the TV at some point, and by the time their food was abandoned (and mostly devoured) on the table before them, it was dark outside and Wade’s arm was on the back of the couch behind Peter.

“Can you stick to things without the suit?” Wade murmured, eyes still on the screen.

“Yeah. I had to modify the suit so I could stick *through* it. The finger pads and the soles of my feet are pretty thin because of it. See?” Peter stuck his fingers to Wade’s thigh, pulling enough so that Wade would feel the stretch of the leather.

“You can stick to anything?”

“Anything and everything,” Peter huffed. “It was terrifying when I first got my powers. Once I accidentally stuck to a pole on the train and just rode the line a couple times while I panicked.”

Wade laughed, and as he did, his arm slid off the couch’s back and onto Peter’s shoulders. It was extremely casual, and he was still just staring at the TV screen, but Peter could feel the way he was holding himself carefully. It didn’t even feel like the full weight of his arm was on Peter.

He leaned into Wade’s side, and just like that, the tension seemed to whoosh out of him. His hand squeezed Peter’s shoulder and his head fell down to rest on top of Peter’s.

“You can sleep over if you want,” Peter said, swallowing his nerves, and Wade let out a loud, “WHOOP!” He grabbed Peter around the waist and flipped them both length-wise along the couch, Peter on top of Wade. One of Wade’s feet was planted on the floor, the other no doubt hanging over the couch’s arm.

“Only if we cuddle,” Wade said.

“Sure,” said Peter, fighting back a blush. There was no getting away from Wade — he was stretched out all across him.

Wade was grinning. His eyes looked beautiful like this, crinkled up along the sides in the most adorable way. Peter realized right then that Wade didn’t smile enough — at least, not soft, genuine ones like this.

“I know your secret, Petey,” he sang, one arm folded behind his head and the other now settled on Peter’s waist. His hand was big, and warm even through the glove.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah, I’m Spider-Man,” Peter said, rolling his eyes. “You’re a very skilled mercenary yada yada yada.”

“That too,” Wade said. “But I know your *other* secret.”

Peter frowned. “What other secret?”

Wade leaned forward and pressed his lips against Peter's ear, his breath warm and sending shivers down Peter's spine. "Your crush on me," Wade said, and when Peter stiffened, the hand on his hip rubbed up and down his back. He leaned back, resting his head against the arm of the couch again, and Peter couldn't manage to break eye contact with him despite how hard he was blushing. "Do you wanna know my secret?"

Peter nodded.

"I have a crush on you too," Wade fake-whispered, his eyes dramatically widened.

"You're a nerd," Peter scoffed.

"That's definitely you, baby boy," Wade said, and then he squeezed Peter tight and flipped them again. Wade's weight felt good on top of him, pressing him into the cushions, making his breath come a little quicker. "You go to like, college and shit."

"Yeah," Peter huffed.

"Imma kiss you now, baby," Wade said, not even looking into his eyes. No, he was looking at his lips.

"Okay," Peter whispered, but he was whispering it against Wade's lips, which were soft despite the scars and moving against his. Peter's fingers dug into Wade's suit, trying to pull him even closer, and Wade chuckled into his mouth.

"I've wanted to do this for so long," he said, his eyes opening and flicking up towards Peter's.

"Me too," Peter breathed.

"So how about some privacy, huh?"

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